

FORD TIMES

DECEMBER 1979



Creating Gingerbread Houses

INTRODUCING A SPORTS CAR FOR THE 80's. FORD MUSTANG.



Certified by the U.S. Auto Club as a sports car.

USAC put Mustang through a series of tests against popular sports cars. Mustang's performance earned it official USAC certification.



Sports car performance. Impressive fuel economy.

23

EPA
EST.
MPG

38

HWY.
EST.
MPG

For comparison. Your mpg may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be lower. California ratings are lower.

Design your own Mustang.

Besides impressive standard features like modified MacPherson front suspension and rack and pinion steering, Mustang can be personalized with options like Michelin TRX radial tires, forged aluminum wheels, or the elegance of a Mustang Ghia.

Sports car performance with impressive fuel economy. Mustang—at your Ford Dealer now. Also ask your Ford Dealer about Ford's optional Extended Service Plan.



Better Ideas for
the 80's. FORD.

YOUR FORD DEALER INVITES YOU TO RIDE THE '80 MUSTANG.

Brought to you through the courtesy
of your local Ford dealer, whose
name appears on the back cover.

The Ford Owner's Magazine

December 1979, Vol. 72, No. 12

Consumer Publications Manager
P. E. McKelvey
Editor in Chief
Robert M. Hodesh
Managing Editor
Richard L. Routh
Associate Editor
Michael E. Maattala
Food & Fashion Editor
Nancy Kennedy
Design Manager
Jerry L. Anderson
Art Directors
Malcolm T. Young
Gary J. Dykstra
Photography Director
Leonard P. Johnson
Circulation Manager
T. L. Bewick, Jr.
Production Manager
Cass M. Pawlowski
Board of Publishers
T. H. Mecke, Jr.
Chairman
R. A. Ablondi
B. E. Bidwell
O. W. Bombard
W. O. Bourke
B. L. Crumpton
R. W. Hefty
L. E. Lataif
G. B. MacKenzie
J. McDougall
P. E. McKelvey
W. J. Moriarty
H. A. Poling
J. E. Sattler
W. Sheehan
W. S. Walla

Published monthly
and © 1979 by
Ford Motor
Company,
P.O. Box 1509-B,
Dearborn, Michigan
48121. All rights
reserved. Printed
in U.S.A.

CONTENTS:

- 2 On Becoming an American** Jocelyn H. Cobb
- 10 Diving for Spiny Lobsters at the Florida Keys**
Wyatt Blassingame
- 16 Creating Gingerbread Houses** Jane M. Filstrup
- 24 The Christmas Flower** Cara L. Kazanowski
- 38 The Methodist Meetinghouse That Went to Sea**
Val Lauder
- 42 Armadillo: A New Symbol for Texans?**
G. R. Williamson
- 48 Preserving a Relic of America's Past**
Mary Augusta Rodgers
- 58 For Antiques — Wear Blue Jeans, Head Toward Atlanta** Jo Ann S. Hoffman
-
- 20 Ford's Better-Idea List Keeps Growing**
Ray Newman
- 27 Christmas Shopping Made Easy** Nancy Kennedy
- 32 The 1980 Ford LTD: Designed for Today's Demanding World** Richard L. Routh
- 46 Ford Cars, Trucks Feature New Anti-Corrosion Warranty** Ronald Warren
-
- 54 Favorite Recipes From Famous Restaurants**
- 64 Letters**



Cover: Martin Schreiber makes gingerbread houses that are scale models of actual homes. This one is based on a Hudson, Michigan, home owned by Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Coleman. The story begins on page 16. Photo by Thomas Geoly.

On Becoming an American

by Jocelyn H. Cobb

illustrations by Bruce Bond

THE ELEVATOR in the post office building is stately and venerable, a Victorian creation of glass and accordion-pleated iron gates. While I'm being propelled slowly upward on creaking cables, I watch people too impatient to wait for this doddering hunk of machinery. They climb the worn stairway, circling me from floor to floor. I see them through the thick glass panels although my mind is far away.

I am a Canadian going up in this elevator to be naturalized, and when I leave here today, I'll be an American citizen. The paperwork is behind me and all that remains before taking the oath is to turn in my Resident Alien Registration, or "green card."

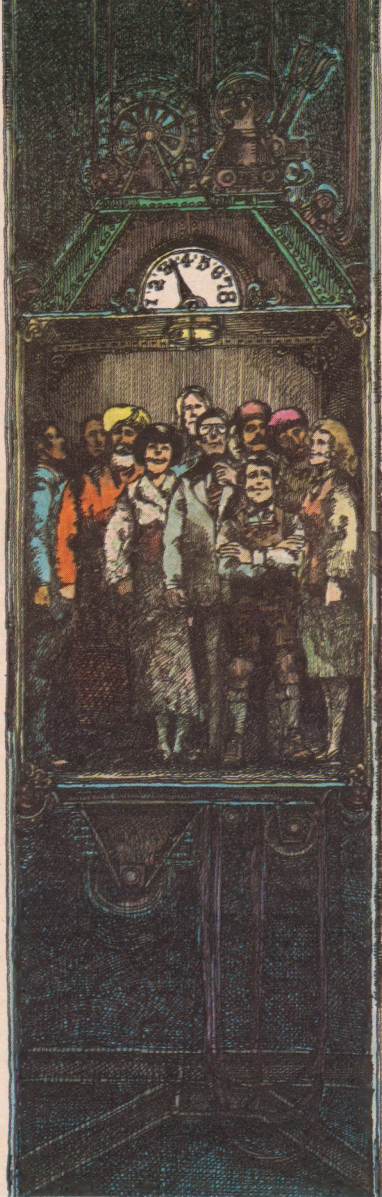
But the ceremony itself — being naturalized. How will it be?

With nothing to go on, I've dreamed up a little scenario. I see myself joining a small group of individuals in the intimacy of a flag-draped room, being sworn in, all very smooth and businesslike.

There is only one worry. I know the contents of the DAR Manual for Citizenship very nearly by heart but I dread the thought of obscure questions relating to the history or structure of the U.S. government.

Will they ask questions? Going up to the fourth floor, to Room No. 405, I review like mad: "The President shall give Congress information on the state of the Union . . . shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed . . ."

I'm doing the eight limitations on



the powers of Congress, mentally ticking them off, when I push through the double doors of 405.

Entering, I'm astonished to see that this is a courtroom — much too large to be called intimate — teeming with life, activity and movement. Nor is it flag-draped, there being only one American flag in the far corner, one solitary flag.

The garments vary

People dressed in a lively range of garments from mod to conservative — dashikis, saris, the chima jogari of Korea, a boy in lederhosen — are scattered about and a throng is packed into the wide aisle down the center.

Most of those in the aisle are waving documents or "green cards" like colorful fans as they inch forward, pressing on one another, you could almost say pushing, their expressions more anxious than joyful.

Facing this concourse, his back against the court stenographer's desk, stands a tall young man whose riotous curls have been carefully plastered flat.

With pleasure I recognize my friend from the Department of Immigration, my one previous contact with the U.S. government in this business of naturalization. At the moment, he is fielding a volley of appeals with tact and good humor.

"Yes, Mrs. Herrara," he smiles at the stout, fussed-looking woman who grips his arm. "Yes, I already know you left the country. You were per-

fectly within your rights since your visit wasn't to a communist . . . Oh, Mr. Kosinski! — your affidavit . . .”

Finally he spreads his hands and pleads with everyone to sit. His manner is so warm and friendly that many whom I guess to be refugees, Vietnamese, Cubans, Asians, possibly East Germans, Middle Easterners, Haitians, many of them do sit. They sit for a minute or two and then up they pop again.

The scenario is unexpected

And I? I'm trying to cope with mixed emotions. The whole setting is so totally unlike my scenario that I can hardly believe my eyes, or my ears, or my nose; can hardly accept the reality of the chatter of languages, of spices and scents I'm not used to. How could I have been so naive, I ask myself, as to imagine I was the only one — or at most, part of a small isolated group — engaged in the process of changing nationalities? The numbers of them here! Like everyone else, I've read and deplored reports of homeless, stateless refugees, boat people, displaced persons, but always it has been a remote horror far from my own life. Distant people pressing on the shores of the United States of America, begging for entry, for citizenship.

Now, suddenly, they're here and I'm here with them.

The courtroom is by now filled to overflowing. Our young man, our shepherd, directs the front line of applicants into the jury box, a cordoned-

off area furnished with leather-cushioned chairs.

“Please sit,” he urges and then, indicating the remaining crush of humanity who can't possibly get into the jury box, he adds, “I'm truly sorry we don't have room for everyone in the courtroom.” His voice cuts through the hum of talk, the cries of babies, the scrape of chairs. “I'm going to have to ask the families accompanying the applicants to move out of the available seats, stand at the back or wait outside.”

He seems genuinely sorry. To oblige him, there is a great shuffling and changing of position but the result does little to diminish the tension and crowding in the courtroom.

We are to come up when our name is called and sign the final certificate before the oath is taken. Everyone around me is so nervous that I begin to feel like Mother Earth. I'm calm, not even caring if another question is asked. Mercifully, none is.

I can sense the dread filling so many in this room, terror of some catastrophe occurring before the oath, before they've had the chance to shed their former nationality. Because they are so palpably afraid, some manage to create obstacles for themselves.

Beside me at the table, signing, is a small swarthy-faced man, scrupulously neat, brushed blue suit, shiny little black shoes, an “Asian” refugee from darkest Africa.

His hand trembles. I can see it out of the corner of my eye, trembling as it moves across the paper, and sure

enough, he blows it, including in his signature some part of his unpronounceable name that didn't appear on the original application. His "final" certificate is promptly invalidated and he, poor little man, slumps in despair.

"Oh, what may I do?" he cries, reaching urgently for our immigration officer, his voice revealing fear of deportation, fear of further removals from country to country, fear of Africa again, just plain cold fear.

This is where I especially like our officer. Stacking the certificate with the growing pile of "rejects," he soothes the Asian.

"Don't worry, Mr. Rajoonsba," — it comes out so smoothly — "There is nothing to worry about, I promise you. After the oath, you will be given the opportunity to sign a duplicate certificate . . ."

An intake of breath beside me. Mr. Rajoonsba can't believe his good fortune.

One anxiety after another

"Is lost!" a woman shrills right behind me. "Oh, my, is lost. What to do?"

Her straight black hair hangs at least a full yard down her back. Now, in her anguish, every filament has come alive, twitching with life, while she roots through her enormous handbag.

On the nearby bench she drops combs, one, two, three, four lacquer boxes, scarves, papers, packages of chewing gum, keys . . . Waiting patiently, our immigration officer en-

courages her with sympathetic sounds.

"Now, Mrs. Nguyen," he says, "you know we're going to try, but . . ."

"Oh, is here!" she screams, her whole arm now in the depths of the bag. "Is *here*. My husband!"

Triumphantly, she waves the worn photograph of a man, black slick hair. "You will find my husband? You will bring him to America, sir?"

Directly beyond this small drama, an elderly American couple (missionaries?) sit in silence, each holding a small white-faced Oriental child. Their unruffled composure makes them noticeable in the uproar. From their ample laps protrude sparrowlike arms and legs and over their shielding arms black eyes stare out from under



straight bangs. These children are small but they can't be as young as they look because I soon hear they've learned English.

"When do we promise, Na-Na?" pipes one. "When do we stand up and promise?"

And the other. "When we gonna be Americans, Na-Na? When?"

Na-Na smiles and strokes the nearest black head. "Pretty soon, sugar. Pretty soon now, Tariko."

The room is stifling, heavy with the smell of onions or garlic mixed in an odd way with perspiration and that

special odor of freshly laundered clothing. Steam and a Chinese laundry. The clerk of the court opens a window.

At long last the judge enters. "This is the largest group I've ever had the pleasure of welcoming at one time," he begins. "Twenty-five countries are represented here today, almost as many languages . . . With my welcome, I want to remind you of the responsibilities of citizenship," (he is quietly emphatic) "to remind you that there are benefits and there are duties. You are pledging, you know, to



preserve our form of government, to fight for your adopted country in time of peril, to support the United States of America in all ways at all times."

He asks us to stand and raise our right hands. We take the oath, repeating word for word, line for line, "I hereby declare, on oath, that I absolutely and entirely renounce . . ." Near me I detect the reedy tones of the two little Oriental children standing in front of their elderly sponsors, the voice of Mr. Rajoonsba, firm and high, the hysterical fervor of the lady with the outsize handbag.

It passes through my mind that I, born in Canada and raised in the spirit of freedom that all of us enjoy in North America, am really a kind of observer at this ceremony. It's practically impossible for me to imagine the stark terror of police knocking at night or the casual daily cruelty under which so many of these people have lived.

We take our freedom for granted

We tend to take our freedom for granted, the right to direct our own lives, not be herded, not be ordered.

I glance at our immigration officer and a further idea occurs to me — with his kindness and courtesy under hectic conditions, he's probably done more to initiate this motley group into membership in "one nation under God" than pages of solemnly worded instructions could ever have accomplished.

" . . . without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion, so help me



God." We finish the pledge on a high note and at once the atmosphere lightens. There are smiles now and laughter, flags from the Daughters of the American Revolution, words, thick with the brogue of County Cork, from the Irish priest. "Most of us have been here for a while," he says, "and we like what we see. We want to be part of it."

Well, that's it. The ceremony of naturalization is over. Completed. The doors of the courtroom swing open and 137 new Americans push through. Many of them, I note, disdain the slow-moving elevator and rush pell-mell down the stairs, out into America . . . □

ELECTRO

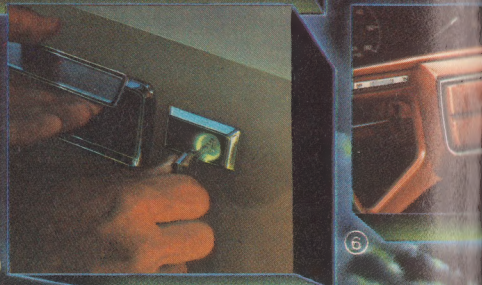
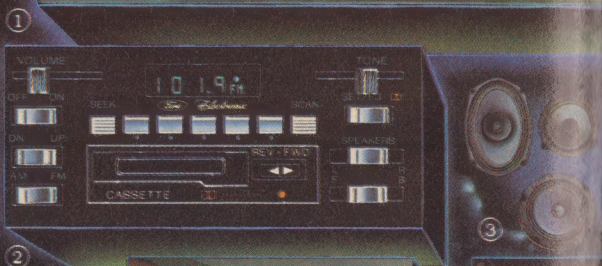
SENSATIONAL OPT

1. Thunderbird's Optional Electronic Instrument Cluster. A beautiful sight. Your fuel supply is indicated with an electronic bar graph. Your speed is displayed by digital readout. And the optional diagnostic warning lights alert you to possible trouble in lighting, fluid levels, and more.

2. AM/FM Electronic Search Radio with Cassette Tape Player. Touch the seek button to find the most listenable stations. Touch scan and you've got a mini-audition. Quartz crystal electronic tuning locks you onto the exact center of the broadcast signal.

3. Premium Sound. Your ears will hear the difference. Premium speakers, carefully matched to a High Energy Power Amplifier, give you dramatically enriched sound.

4. AM/FM Stereo with Cassette or 8-Track Player. A turn of the dial brings you great sound. And a gentle push of a cassette opens up a new world of entertainment. New for '80 in light trucks as well as cars.



ELECTRONICS FOR THE EIGH

NIC MAGIC

IONS FOR THE 80'S.



5. The Illuminated Entry System. Raise the door handle and the interior lights go on. At the same time, a ring of light automatically surrounds the keyhole for easy insertion. A nice nighttime convenience.

6. Fingertip Speed Control. A touch sets your speed so you can sit back and relax. And once you brake, a touch of the convenient "resume" button automatically accelerates you to the previous speed. Also new for '80 in light trucks.

7. Interval Windshield Wiper. A fingertip touch of any of three convenient settings—low speed, high and adjustable pause—lets you quickly adjust to inclement weather.

Put a little magic in your life. See your nearest Ford Dealer and order your new car with any of his sensational options for '80.



Electrical and
Electronics Division

TIES AT YOUR FORD DEALER.

LET US NOW SING the praise of *Panulirus argus*, the spiny lobster of the Florida Keys.

Call it saltwater crawfish, or crayfish, or langosta, or just plain lobster, it makes no difference. Popeyed, with long, bony antennae, no claws but rather a shell studded with sharp-edged lumps, it has two qualities that more than redeem any lack of physical beauty: Caught and cooked, it makes wonderful eating; second, trying to catch it under water, barehanded, is a sport at which you can't

lose even if you don't catch one, because the trying itself is pure pleasure.

And this is true even if your swimming is of the dog-paddle-and-float variety.

I can guarantee this personally.

I have a friend who regularly vacations in the Florida Keys diving for lobster. Returning home he tells delightful stories of his experiences. Even so, both my wife Jeannie and I hesitated to accept an invitation to go with him.

"We both swim," I told Steve, "if

Diving for Spiny Lobsters

you use the word loosely. But neither of us has ever had on a diving mask, much less a snorkel."

"You can breathe through your mouth, can't you?"

"When I have a cold."

"That's all there is to it. You float face down and breathe through your mouth through the snorkel."

"But you said the lobsters were on the bottom."

"We work in water anywhere from three to 10 feet deep," Steve said. "Deeper than that you can't hold your breath long enough to catch the lobster."

I told him I'd get the bends if I even tried to dive 10 feet. But Steve said his daughter Stephanie was going with him. He and Stephanie would do

any diving in deep water while Jeannie and I could help look.

So we bought masks and snorkels. Then, on the way to Big Pine Key where we were to meet Steve, we stopped at the John Pennekamp Coral Reef State Park on Key Largo. This is an excellent place for the snorkeling novice to practice. There are roped-off areas where the water is both shallow and calm. I donned my new equipment, waded waist deep, stretched out on my belly — and looked down through water as clear as the air above.

There were no sea grasses at this place, but the rocks on the bottom glittered a dozen shades of silver and pink. A small fish drifted past like a butterfly. I paddled after it. There

was another fish. Off to my right were two pairs of feet and legs.

Then something happened. A playful youngster had created a wave that splashed into my snorkel.

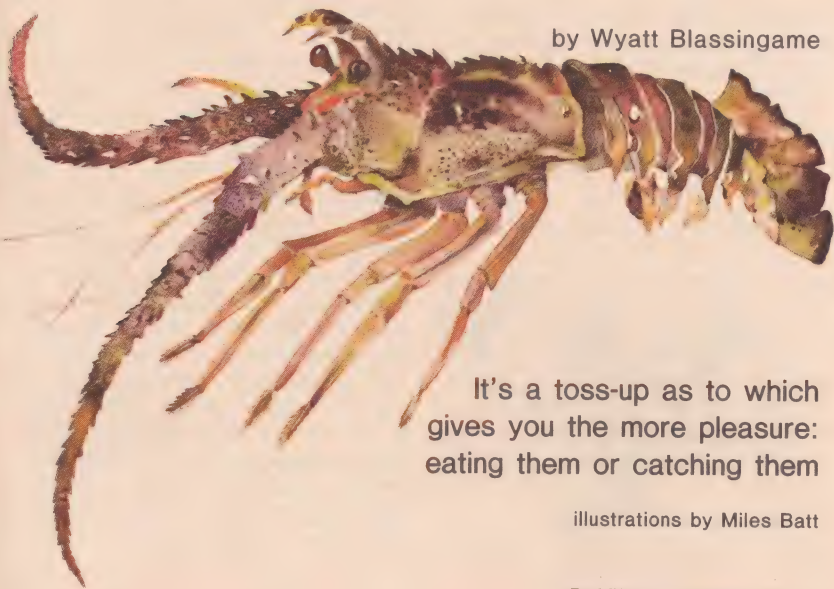
I had been warned of such things when I bought the snorkel. "But all you have to do," the salesman said, "is blow the water back out." I now found there was another option: I could swallow it. And since blowing all the water out required more expertise than I had yet acquired, I settled for part blowing, part swallowing.

There are boats at the park that will take snorkelers out to the coral reefs in deeper water, but Jeannie and I were short of time. Seasoned by a full hour in the shallows, we drove confidently on to Big Pine Key. There Steve and Stephanie had a small boat with an outboard motor. In this the four of us set out to hunt down the spiny lobster.

We wound between numerous small islands and far more numerous boats. Practically all of them flew the Divers-Over flag, a red square with a

at the Florida Keys

by Wyatt Blassingame



It's a toss-up as to which gives you the more pleasure: eating them or catching them

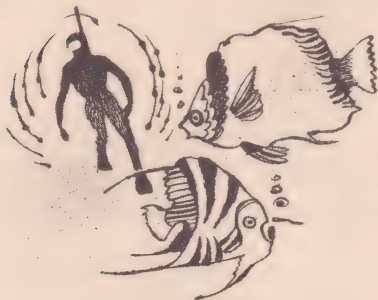
illustrations by Miles Batt

white slash across it. Black, orange-tipped snorkels drifted across the surface. Now and then one disappeared, replaced by a bathing-suited bottom, then by waving legs and flippers that also disappeared to be replaced a minute or so later by a goggled head. Sometimes a pair of hands triumphantly clutched a lobster. More often they clutched a seashell, or nothing.

Steve cut the motor and Stephanie went over the side. Steve handed her a short stick tied to a rope. The other end of the rope was tied to the boat's stern. With Stephanie well clear of the boat and the divers' flag raised, Steve put the motor in gear. We began to move, towing Stephanie behind us. Only the tip of her snorkel was above the surface. Now and then a wave splashed into it. She blew it back out, a miniature geyser, but her head never rose.

Steering for spots that seemed to have rocks and grass on the bottom, Steve told us more about the spiny lobster.

"They feed at night," he told us.



"In daylight they crawl into or under something to hide. That's what makes them difficult to find because usually only the tip of an antenna is showing. But once you learn to see them, it's fairly easy."

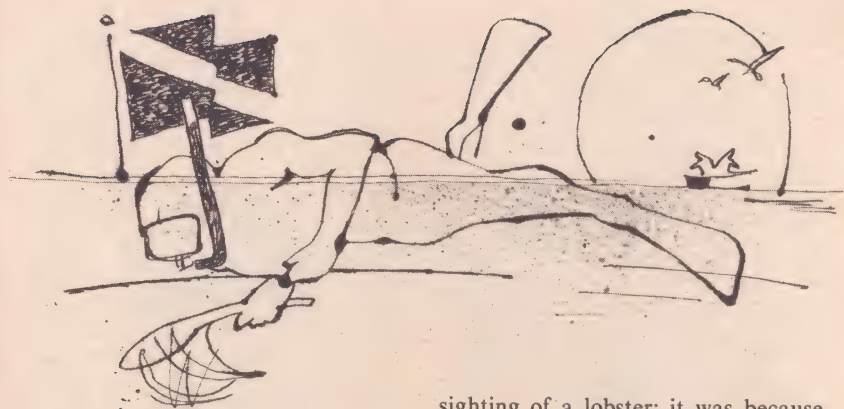
Behind us Stephanie suddenly let go of her towline and raised both arms in the air.

Steve circled, came back within 20 feet of Stephanie, and dropped anchor. Wearing our masks and flippers we all went over.

A different world unfolded

The water in the roped-off pools at the state park had been clear, but there had been little to see. Here I was looking into a new and absolutely beautiful world. Below me — actually it was about eight feet away, but I kept reaching out thinking I could touch it — eelgrass waved gently. Some of the blades were beaded with what looked like diamonds, glittering as the grass moved. A large conch pushed its way through the grass. An orange-colored starfish rested on a spot of bare sand. Three zebra-striped fish passed above it and disappeared. I heard Steve's voice and raised my head. He was telling Stephanie to point out the lobster for us. "It's right under my big toe," Stephanie said.

I could see her right leg with the big toe pointing straight down. Beneath it was what looked like half of an overturned barrel, but remembering pictures I decided it was a loggerhead sponge. As for the lobster, I didn't see it.



"Just keep watching," Steve said.

From the boat he had brought a dip net and "tickler." The tickler was the butt half of a broken spinning rod. Stephanie took the tickler, Steve the dip net, and both dived.

With the tickler Stephanie pointed to what looked like a small stick thrusting out from beneath the sponge. Then she poked at it. Out came a spiny lobster, moving backward and far faster than I had thought possible. It backed straight into Steve's dip net.

Back in the boat Steve measured our new treasure. Under Florida law no spiny lobster may be taken with a carapace of less than three inches and a tail of less than $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Ours qualified and Steve dropped it in the ice bucket.

Both Jeannie and I tried joining Stephanie on the towrope. It didn't work. When we let go and raised our arms it wasn't, normally, to signal the

sighting of a lobster; it was because we were choking on water splashed into the snorkel.

Stephanie, however, could be towed happily for hours, never raising her face except at the sight of *Panulirus argus*.

In fact, very few of the amateur lobster hunters around us used Steve's towrope technique. Instead, they merely found a likely spot, anchored, and went over the side. Some used dip nets, some wore cotton gloves, a few worked bare-handed. (The spiny lobster's shell is very rough, with sharp edges, but is not actually spiny. The use of spear guns, incidentally, is illegal.)

We found more shells than lobster

Often where the water was only three to five feet deep Steve would drop anchor and we would all hunt, each on his own. Both Jeannie and I found far more shells, some of them very lovely, than we did lobster. If we did see a lobster, we yelled for Steve



and the dip net. But we both did find numerous fragments of coral and broken bits of seawood that we mistook for lobster. That was almost as exciting as the real thing.

Even so, the most wonderful part was we didn't actually need to find lobster. (Steve and Stephanie could do that; and in dire need we could buy them ashore, fresh out of the water.) The greatest pleasure — and I think this was true for our hosts as well — was drifting in the air-clear water, looking down at the strangely shaped corals, the waving seaweed, the rainbow fish, the liquid world where colors flowed with every passing cloud, merging and changing.

Everything was magnified

It was a world where everything was magnified. I kept reaching for objects far beyond my reach. Tropical fish, probably no bigger than a freshwater guppy, appeared to be several inches long. A conch that looked bigger than my head on the bottom was half that size when I brought it up. Once when I saw a foot-long mullet I tried to quit swimming and take up flying, believing momentarily I had confronted a great white shark.

We spent five days in the Keys and ate a lot of lobster. You break off and throw away the heads, then boil the tails in unsalted water until they turn pink. Split them in half from end to end — this takes a heavy knife and maybe a hammer — and the meat comes out easily. Dip it in lemon butter, then “Lay on, Macduff, and let

your declaration of being stuffed be ‘Hold, enough!’”

It was on our way home that we first realized that although a boat is handy in pursuing the spiny lobster, it is by no means necessary. The Overseas Highway through the Florida Keys is rarely more than a few yards from the water. Travelers may — and many do — merely pull off to the side of the road, don their equipment and wade in. Several times Jeannie and I joined them, looking for shells now with no real expectation of finding a lobster.

I was floating face down, a few yards from the beach, when I heard a scream that mingled pure terror with triumph. Looking up I saw Jeannie holding a lobster in her bare hands. Her face was a study in dichotomy: half terrified to hold on, and half be-damned if she'd let go.

Somehow she got it to the beach. “Throw it back,” I said.

“Are you crazy? I'm going to take it home. It's the only one I ever actually caught all by myself.”

“It's a baby,” I said. “It isn't half the legal size.”

She stared at it. And watching her I realized where the expression “her face fell” came from. After a while she walked down and put the lobster back in the water. “I could have sworn it was two feet long.”

The closed season on lobster runs from April 1 through July 25 of each year.

Jeannie is already planning to go back next year. □

Creating Gingerbread Houses



Martin Schreiber of New York City has earned
a reputation for being one of the best creators

by Jane M. Filstrup

photos by Martin Schreiber

WHEN MARTIN SCHREIBER and his bride prepared for their first Christmas in New York City, they roasted a duck and hauled in a tall evergreen that they hung with iced cookies, and he fashioned a marvelous gingerbread house as a table centerpiece. When he made it, Schreiber, a first-generation Czech, brought an Old Country tradition to New York City.

In Czechoslovakia you still see not only gingerbread houses but whole village scenes shaped from dough and painted. The origins of the gingerbread housemaking custom lie deep in the Teutonic forests of Central and Northern Europe. In Germany they are thought to have been baked first

in the city of Nuremburg, which is known for having the best gingerbread. Gingerbread houses are especially popular in Bavaria, and the typical designs resemble a Bavarian cottage or a Tyrolean chalet.

Schreiber's friends raved about his first American gingerbread house. They said it was so lovely that it would be sacrilege to consider eating it. Soon he was building gingerbread houses for them.

The word spread about Schreiber's gingerbread creations. New York gourmet and gift shops began asking him to build more, but Schreiber was not interested in turning out identical models. Instead, he has custom-



built clients' own houses in the medium of gingerbread. Working from snapshots, he makes split levels and ranch-style models with two-car garages. "I like to be left a bit of culinary license," Schreiber said. "These are not architectural replicas. This is fun. It's a piece of cake."

His basic 1950s ranch-style gingerbread house is about 12 or 13 inches long by six or seven inches high, with the chimney adding two inches to its height. "Making a model of your own house, you have the advantage of being able to go out and measure. Decide on a scale and then very carefully measure out the four sides of your house. Make sure the four sides of the house fit together. Otherwise, the sky's the limit. Be exact if you like, or create a spoof. A sample scale for a house 36 feet long would be one inch to three feet."

Although Schreiber earns his living as a photographer, artist and carpenter, he finds the holiday season creating a growing demand for his gingerbread expertise. Last Christmas, Cartier asked him to decorate its windows. He made all-white non-edible gingerbread houses draped with diamond, ruby and emerald jewelry. He proposed using gemstones in place of candies on the houses, but Cartier was cool to the idea. And F.A.O. Schwarz, the famous toy store, asked him to build a two-foot gingerbread church in its window between noon and 2 o'clock daily so that sidewalk superintendents could watch. You had to come early to get a good vantage point.

Following is a simple plan for making a gingerbread house of your own that not only will brighten your holiday decorations but can be eaten as well. Once you get the hang of it, you may decide to go for broke and create a scale-model of your own home.

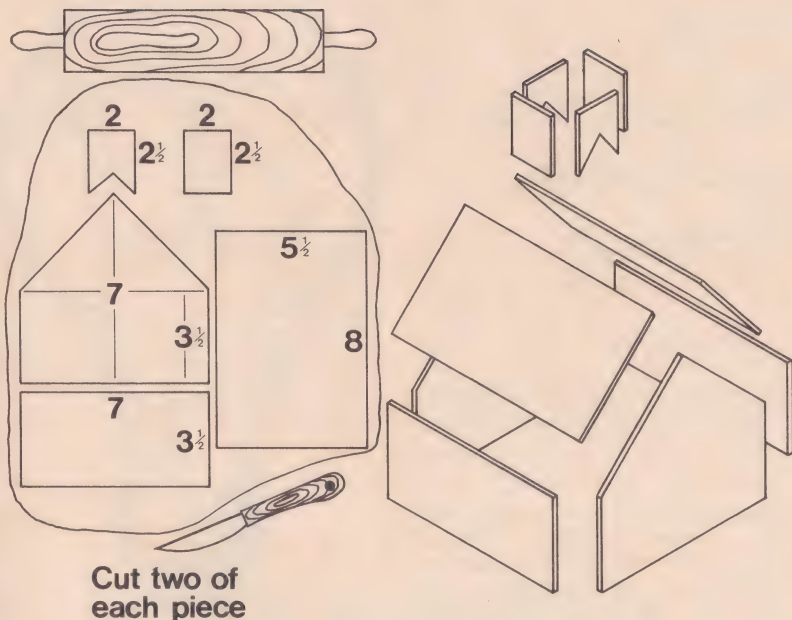
- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup light brown sugar, packed
- Grated rind of 1 lemon and $\frac{1}{2}$ orange
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 tablespoon ginger
- 1 cup dark corn syrup or golden molasses
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 6 cups flour, approximately
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons soda

Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Mix in grated rind and spices. Bring corn syrup or molasses to boiling and stir into butter mixture until thoroughly blended. Beat in eggs. Sift 4 cups flour with salt and soda. Add to mixture and stir well. Use as much remaining flour as necessary to make a dough smooth enough to roll but one that is still soft and pliable. Wrap in waxed paper and chill 1 hour.

Draw pattern on stiff white cardboard and cut out pieces. Divide dough in several sections and roll each out on lightly floured board to $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thickness. Carefully slide rolled dough onto large lightly buttered baking sheets. Place paper patterns on dough and cut around them with sharp knife. Remove scraps from around pattern pieces and reroll to cut out again. (Dough may be used for cutting out fancy shapes or "men" to hang on tree.)

Bake at 350° 15 to 18 minutes, or until pieces are an even golden brown. Remove smaller pieces first if they brown sooner. Cool thoroughly on racks.

If desired, decorate house in the flat pieces



**Cut two of
each piece**

before assembling. Windows, door, chimney and roof may be decorated with icing using a pastry tube as desired. A variety of small candies may be used for further decoration after icing is in place. Let pieces stand overnight before assembling.

ASSEMBLING HOUSE: Knead the Decorators' Icing (recipe follows) until like putty, then roll it under fingertips into pencil-like strips. On prepared base, set up 1 side of wall with inside against 1 or 2 unopened fruit or soup cans. Press strip of icing to 1 vertical edge of this wall. Press 1 wall of house at right angles to iced end, again using a can for support. Repeat with remaining walls and let frame set about 1 hour. Remove cans and in the same way set 2 roof pieces in place, cementing them together along ridge. Let set until dry. Ce-

ment chimney pieces together, let set, then place on roof.

Decorators' Icing: In medium bowl of electric mixer beat 1 egg white and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cream of tartar until frothy. Beat in 1 pound confectioners' sugar, a tablespoon at a time. Then beat until very stiff and mixture does not flow together when cut through with a knife. (Small amounts may be put in bowls to be colored if desired.) Keep covered with damp towel or plastic wrap so icing will not dry out while you're working with it.

This amount of dough makes 2 small houses of the dimensions above. You may enlarge the patterns to make 1 larger house. To assemble the house, you will need a large tray, or a sheet of heavy cardboard covered with foil, for the base. □

Ford's Better-Idea List Keeps Growing

by Ray Newman

FOR 1980, Ford has made several impressive additions to its list of better ideas. And all are designed to make the '80s better for you.

One of the most significant innovations is the Automatic Overdrive Transmission. Available as optional equipment on the Thunderbird and Ford LTD, it provides improved fuel economy at highway speeds. The transmission incorporates two fuel-saving design features: an overdrive fourth-gear ratio and a mechanical "no-slip" power flow in overdrive that effectively bypasses the fluid torque converter. This eliminates the slip-page and inefficiency associated with the torque converter-type fluid coupling found in most automatic transmissions. Third gear also features a more efficient power flow — a split path mechanical/hydraulic coupling.

At about 40 miles per hour in "D" (Drive), the transmission automatically shifts into overdrive fourth gear, causing the engine to turn more



slowly for improved highway fuel economy. Under special conditions such as extended slow-speed driving or driving in hilly terrain, the shift lever can be put into "3." The transmission then automatically shifts through the 1-2-3 range, but does not go into overdrive.

Another powertrain improvement for 1980 takes the form of a new 4.2-liter (255-CID) V-8 engine for Thunderbird, Fairmont, Fairmont Futura and Mustang. The 4.2-liter is the first of Ford's "Engines of the '80s." It is derived from the company's 5.0-liter (302-CID) engine, which is one of the

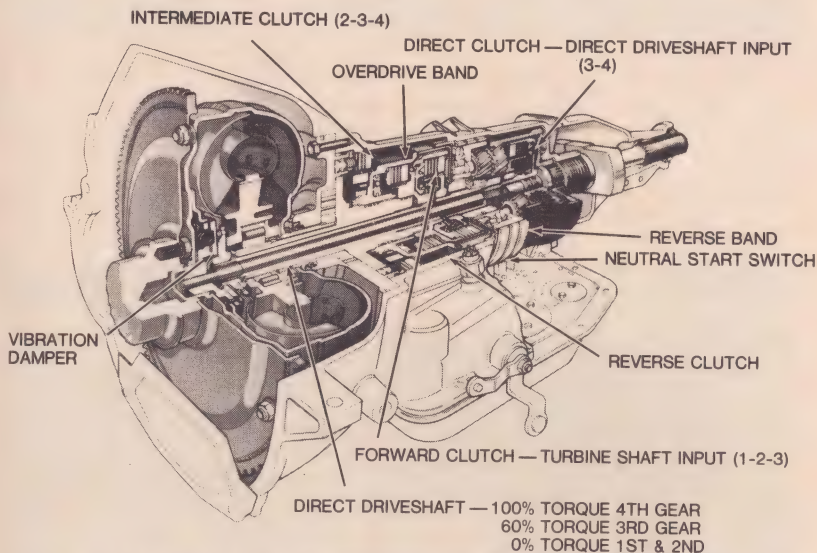
industry's best small-block V-8s in terms of power output, weight and fuel economy. Before production, the 4.2-liter logged more than 8,000 hours of dynamometer durability testing, along with extensive in-vehicle durability testing.

For 1980, Ford expands the availability of its 2.3-liter turbocharged engine — the only turbocharged four-cylinder built in America. Offered on Mustang in 1979, the engine is now also available on Fairmont and Futura. When activated, the turbo-charger pressurizes atmospheric air to increase the velocity of the fuel-air mixture. The result: extra acceleration

when you need it for passing other vehicles or merging on a freeway.

Ford continues its leadership in the electronics field with the introduction of several sophisticated features. First, there's the Electronic Instrument Cluster, which is optional on the base Thunderbird and standard on the Thunderbird Town Landau and Silver Anniversary series. Its highlights include a digital speedometer, an electronic fuel gauge and an electronic digital clock.

The digital speedometer provides numeric readouts with an accuracy generally unattainable with conventional speedometers. A dampening ef-



AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE TRANSMISSION



Thunderbird's Keyless Entry System

fect is built into the system to keep digital changes from fluctuating with minor variances in speed. The speedometer converts from miles-per-hour to kilometers-per-hour with the flick of a switch.

The electronic fuel gauge indicates fuel levels on a vacuum-fluorescent bar-graph display. The display is divided into four groups — each subdivided into eight segments for the most

accurate fuel readings possible. The readout is prevented from bouncing between segments during normal driving conditions by a computerized logic system.

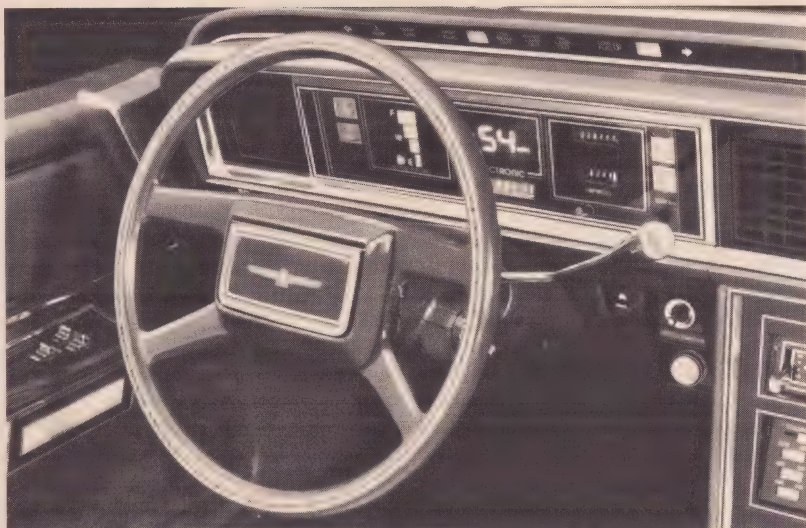
In addition to the Electronic Instrument Cluster, a Diagnostic Warning Light system is standard on the Town Landau and Silver Anniversary series (optional on other Thunderbirds). The diagnostic cluster consists of warning lights that indicate the following conditions: low fuel, low washer fluid, low beam out, taillight out, brakelight out and door ajar. "Headlights on" also activates a reminder chime.

The 1980 Thunderbird's electronic wizardry continues with a unique Keyless Entry System (standard on Silver Anniversary, optional on other Thunderbirds). This electronically controlled system not only locks and unlocks doors, but also performs other convenience and security functions.

The Keyless Entry System has a

Twin-Traction Beam independent front suspension for F-Series 4x4s and Bronco





Thunderbird's Electronic Instrument Cluster and Diagnostic Warning Lights

five-pushbutton module on the driver's door belt molding. To unlock the driver's side, each of the calculator-type pushbuttons is depressed in a specific sequence that is pre-programmed at the factory. If a different unlocking code is desired, the logic unit may be programmed to accept any five-digit sequence.

After the driver's door is unlocked, the passenger door can be unlocked by depressing the second button, and the decklid can be opened by depressing the third button. To lock both doors from the outside, the fourth and fifth buttons are depressed simultaneously. Doors may be unlocked using the conventional key at any time.

The Keyless Entry System is com-

plemented by an Illuminated Entry System that is activated by pushing any button in the control module. This function illuminates the keyless entry buttons, the door-lock cylinder and the vehicle's interior lights. The Illuminated Entry System stays on for 25 seconds or until the ignition is turned on.

Ford's light trucks offer some better ideas for 1980, too. For example, F-Series 4x4 pickups and Bronco feature a major advance in four-wheeling: They are the only American 4x4 trucks with Twin-Traction Beam independent front suspension. Each front wheel steps over bumps separately for a better ride and better off-road control with less pitch and roll. □



John D. Smith

The Christmas Flower

We have a South Carolinian to thank for one of the yule season's most beautiful and popular decorations

by Cara L. Kazanowski

illustration by Julie Dawson

DR. JOEL ROBERTS POINSETT, an aristocratic South Carolinian who made a number of other contributions to his nation, first imported the plant eventually named for him from Mexico in the mid-1820s.

The poinsettia has flourished here, as evidenced by the more than 25 million plants purchased in the United States every year.

Despite the plant's popularity, most people do not know that the poinsettia's actual flowers are small, rather insignificant golden cups surrounded by what most think are the flowers: red, pink, white or variegated bracts the same size and shape as the normal leaves.

These showy, star-shaped bracts have given the poinsettia some of its many sobriquets — lobster flower, Christmas star, Christmas flower and Mexican flame leaf. In Mexico, the plant has yet another name — The Flower of the Holy Night — because of a Christmas legend told about it.

The legend has several versions, one of which tells of a poor little girl

on her way to Christmas Eve Mass who is sad at having no gift to place at the altar for the Virgin and Child. An angel who hears her weeping tells her to gather an armload of twigs. The little girl obeys, and by the time she reaches the church, the twigs are in full bloom — an armful of poinsettias, a beautiful gift.

According to Paul Ecke's *The Poinsettia Manual* (the definitive book for commercial poinsettia growers), although the poinsettia is a symbol of Christmas throughout much of the world today, it is thought to have first been cultivated by the Aztecs in Mexico before Christianity came to the Western Hemisphere. The plant, native to the area around present-day Taxco, about 100 miles southwest of Mexico City, was called *Cuetlaxochitl* by the Indians. Because of its brilliant hue, the flower was the symbol of purity. It was highly prized by the Aztec kings Netzahualcoyotl and Montezuma, but because of the climate could not be grown in their capital, which is now Mexico City.

During the 17th century, because of the poinsettia's brilliant color and blooming time, a group of Franciscan priests who settled near Taxco began using it in the Fiesta of Santa Pesebra, a Nativity procession.

While serving as the first U.S. minister to Mexico from 1825 to 1829, Dr. Poinsett found the flowers growing in the hills near Taxco. A talented botanist who brought back many other plants from his world travels, he had some cuttings sent to his home in Greenville, South Carolina. After supplying his own greenhouses, he gave plants to a few botanical gardens and some horticulturist friends, and the poinsettia's popularity in the United States began.

Until about 10 years ago, poinsettias were among the most troublesome of indoor plants, often rapidly dropping their leaves. But new, hardier varieties are more tolerant of typical home conditions. Poinsettias can bloom for up to six months with this proper care:

- Strong light
- Temperatures of between 60°F (nights) and 75°F (days)
- No drafts
- Thorough watering when dry with excess water thrown out.

Eventually, most of the leaves will drop, but instead of throwing the plant out — as I've done for years — you can save it.

In the spring, cut the stems down to four or five inches above the soil for a one-year-old plant or to four or five inches above the previous year's

growth in older plants. Repot in a rich potting soil with perlite, sand or vermiculite added for good drainage. Fertilize monthly and keep the plant warm, dry and in the dark until new growth appears in about four or five months. In the fall, when a number of leaves have developed, begin gradual watering and let it receive normal daylight for a nine-to-10-hour period each day, but absolutely no artificial light from 5 p.m. to 8 a.m. By Christmas, your poinsettia should be blooming again.

By the way, flowering can be induced at any season if the plant is kept in the dark for 14 out of every 24 hours for at least a month. New plants can be raised from early summer cuttings.

When buying a poinsettia, look for a plant with a large number of golden cups and with green foliage down to the bottom of the stems. Naturally, do not expose the plant to cold temperatures when bringing it home.

But what about Dr. Poinsett, who also made many contributions to the fine arts and served as a U.S. Congressman from 1821 to 1825 and as Secretary of War from 1837 to 1841?

He died just before Christmas in 1851 when visiting friends near Stateburg, South Carolina. The Church of the Holy Cross had just been completed in Stateburg, and Dr. Poinsett became one of the first of several famous people to be buried there. Fittingly enough, his grave is decorated by parishioners each Christmas with poinsettias. □

Christmas Shopping Made Easy

by Nancy Kennedy

WANT TO AVOID the crazed crowds of Christmas, save wear and tear on limbs and nerves while patriotically saving gas? Of course you do! Just make up your mind now while relaxing in your favorite chair instead of wandering undecided from store to store. To help you, *Ford Times* rounded up several gift items that can be purchased easily at your local Ford dealer's parts counter or ordered by mail.

The car and truck accessories are special items designed for Ford products and are backed by Ford warranty. Each of the suggested gifts is one that can be enjoyed and used long after the holidays have faded.



1. **SHOW YOUR STRIPES.** Accent Mustang's classic European styling with super-graphic "Mustang" body stripes. Custom flair without custom paint. Adhesive-backed graphics go on easily. Price: \$32.75.



2. **FORD TIMES FAVORITE RECIPES, Volume VII.** For the traveler who likes to eat well, a collection of six years of *Ford Times*' award-winning restaurant features. This handsome book with four-color illustrations on each page gives directions to 237 restaurants and provides 371 recipes from some of America's most famous chefs. Only \$6.95. Make check payable to Ford Motor Company. Mail to Ford Publications, Box 1509-B, Dearborn, Michigan 48121. Please allow two to three weeks for delivery.



3. HATCHBACK LOUVERS. Chic European-style rear-window louvers for that mean, lean look that turns heads everywhere. Add a classic sports car look, keep rear-seat passengers cool, and retain 100 per cent visibility. For Mustang and Capri. (New product prices not available at time of publication.)

4. DOOR EDGE GUARD. For the car owner who wants to keep his or her car looking good. This easy-to-install elegant polished aluminum trim prevents nicks and scratches on door edges. Price: \$8.95 for two-door models, \$15.35 for four-door models.

5. FORD TRUCK CAB CADDY. Secure storage for valuable equipment such as CBs, cameras, binoculars, radios and fishing gear. Two large bins on the ends, smaller bins above. Steel construction with secure key lock. For F-Series Ford pickups with tilt forward seat and no in-cab gas tank. Price: \$68.38.

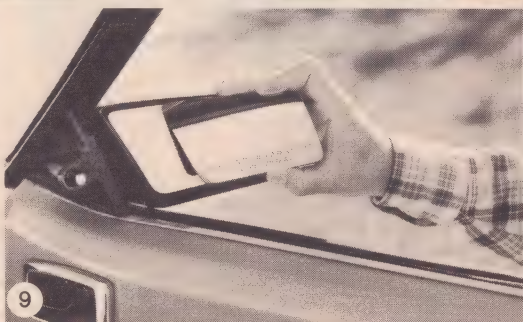
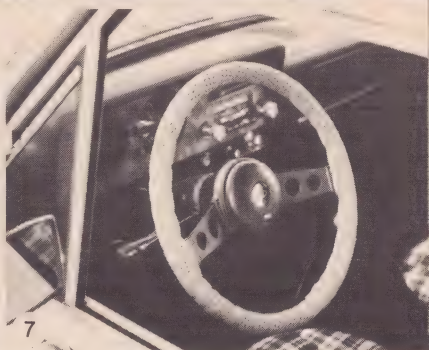
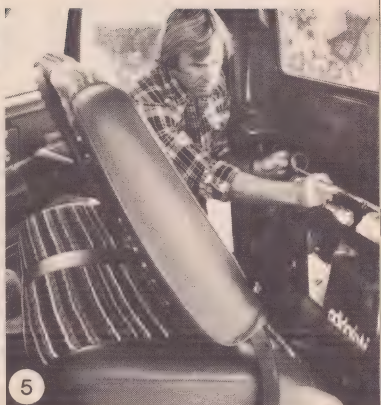
6. GLIDE-OUT STEP. Makes it easier to get in and out especially from high 4x4s. Glides out when door is opened and slides under vehicle when door is closed. Can be painted to match vehicle color. Perforated non-slip surface. For Econoline, F-Series pickups and Bronco. Price: \$34.50.

7. STEERING WHEEL COVER. Dry, non-slip grip of leather-like vinyl for control in demanding driving conditions. Wraps around the wheel. Comes in black, red or tan and will fit all Ford cars. Price: \$4.75.

8. FOUR SEASONS LUGGAGE RACK. A versatile rack for luggage and equipment. Basic rack is permanently mounted for secure luggage carrying. Polished stainless steel construction for permanent good looks. Optional attachments hold bikes or skis (see photo). Check your Ford dealer for price, including installation.

9. CONVEX STICK-ON MIRROR. See more, react better, with this easy-to-install wide-angle mirror. Weather-resistant adhesive backing attaches on existing mirror. For right-side mirrors on all Ford cars. Price: \$9.67.

Prices of Ford parts and accessories are subject to change without notice or obligation. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on features, prices and availability.





10. "BUILT FOR FUN" HATS, T-SHIRTS. Here's a gift for every hat and T-shirt collector in the family. Buy both for everyone so that your tribe will stand out at any event. When ordering hats and shirts, be sure to include your name and complete address, and the size, style, color and quantity of each. (See charts below.) Allow three to four weeks for delivery.



For hats, send check
or money order payable to:

Gold Star Hat & Cap Co., Inc.
122 Fifth Avenue
New York New York 10011

For shirts, send check
or money order payable to:

Ebert Sportswear
5000 Fernandina Road
P.O. Box 21747
Columbia, South Carolina 29221

Style	Color	Size	Price*
10A. Deck	Powder Blue or Denim	S,M,L	\$4.00 each
10B. Floppy Brimmed	Powder Blue or Denim	S,M,L	\$4.00 each
10C. Duck Bill	Powder Blue or Denim	One size fits all	\$3.60 each

*New York residents add 8% sales tax.

Style	Color	Size	Price*
10D. Men's T-shirt	Tan	S,M,L,XL	\$4.80 each
Ladies' T-shirt (not shown)	Tan, Yellow	S,M,L	\$4.80 each
10D. Midriff	Tan, Yellow	S,M,L	\$4.70 each
Beach Cover-up/ Nightshirt (not shown)	Tan, Yellow	S,M,L	\$4.85 each

*South Carolina residents add 4% sales tax.



11. TOT GUARD CHILD SAFETY SEAT. Protecting young lives is serious business for you and for Ford Motor Company engineers. Our Tot Guard Child Safety Seat may look unusual, but it's designed to provide your child with protection in the event of a sudden stop while riding in your car. The design is based on the latest highway safety research findings. Molded plastic with a special foam shield for head, chest and abdomen protection. For children 20-50 pounds. Fits all cars and trucks with seat belts. Price: \$37.75.

12. CHILD GUARD REAR DOOR LOCKS. Protect children from accidental door openings. Kids can ride safely without supervision in the rear seat with these anti-open lock guards. Once the guard is affixed around the lock rod and the door locked, the door cannot be opened from the inside or outside. When regular door key unlocks the guard mechanism, your lock button functions as normal. Easy to install on all four-door Fords. Price: \$7.09. □

The 1980 Ford LTD

Designed for Today's Demanding World

by Richard L. Routh





LTD Crown Victoria four-door sedan

HOW CAN a car have six-passenger room, quiet ride, comfort, luxury and good looks, and yet meet today's demands for efficiency and economical operation? The answer awaits you at your Ford dealer's in the 1980 Ford LTD.

With a revised series lineup that includes the luxurious top-of-the-line LTD Crown Victoria, plus an exciting new option called Automatic Overdrive Transmission (AOD) — the 1980 Ford LTD has all the traditional values Ford LTD owners have come to expect, plus a lot more.

Take AOD — a domestic-industry first by Ford. At about 40 mph in "D" (Drive), this option automatically shifts into an overdrive fourth gear that causes the engine to turn more slowly and improves highway fuel economy.

Team AOD with LTD's standard 5.0-liter (302 CID) V-8 engine, and the result is an EPA-estimated [17] mpg* and a highway rating of 26 mpg. That compares with the same [17] but a highway rating of 24 mpg for an LTD with the 5.0 and the standard Selectshift automatic transmission.

Even more surprising, LTD with the optional 5.8-liter (351 CID) V-8 engine and AOD has an EPA estimate of [16] and a highway rating of 27 mpg. The comparable figures for LTD with the 5.8 but without AOD are [16] and 23.

*For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. California estimates are lower. Your actual highway mileage and range probably will be less.

Also contributing to the efficiency and economical operation of the 1980 LTD is a new electronic engine control system, standard on the 5.8 and on the 5.0 for sale in California. The system monitors engine functions and adjusts them automatically for optimum emissions control and maximum fuel economy.

The 1980 LTD is easy on the pocketbook in another area, too. Its estimated scheduled-maintenance costs for 50,000 miles are \$167, or 76 per cent less than in 1973, for a savings of \$532. Only 29 scheduled maintenance procedures are specified over the 1980 LTD's first 50,000 miles, compared to 161 on 1973 models.

Then there is LTD's quiet ride. In Ford tests, a 1980 LTD rode just as quietly as a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow sticker-priced at more than \$65,000.

Ford engineers enhanced LTD's quiet ride with an advanced suspension system to help cancel road vibrations, a body cushioned by strategically positioned rubber mounts and additional sound insulation.

If room is your need, the LTD has it — actually more head, leg and shoulder room inside than in the longer 1978 LTD. Sedan models have plenty of trunk space, too — 22.4 cubic feet (with the standard mini spare tire), deep enough to let you stand large luggage upright. And a low trunk sill — only 22.2 inches from the ground — doesn't require lifting the luggage very far.

All LTDs are standard equipped



LTD two-door with Tu-Tone paint/tape treatment

with P-metric radial tires, which are designed with reduced rolling resistance for better fuel economy and longer wear; DuraSpark electronic ignition; a maintenance-free battery; power steering; power front disc and rear drum brakes; front bumper guards; concealed windshield wipers with wiper-mounted washer jets, and anti-theft door lock buttons. For 1980, all LTDs also are covered by a new corrosion perforation warranty (excludes exhaust system components). See your Ford dealer for details.

Likewise, the LTD series is long on appearance and comfort. Notable ex-

terior improvements for 1980 are new front end styling with a higher-level grille, dual halogen headlights and wrap-around parking lights. Inside are handsome fabrics on full bench seats, stylish instrument panel with woodtone accents, four-spoke soft-rim steering wheel, lighted glove box and front ash tray, and 10-ounce color-keyed cut-pile carpeting.

Other standard items on the LTD include automatic inertia-type seat back releases (two-door), lefthand remote-control mirror, dual-note horn, decklid or tailgate tape stripes and color-keyed vinyl-insert bodyside moldings.



Optional Interior Luxury Group

But if you think the LTD is something special, check out the elegant new LTD Crown Victoria. It has a padded rear half roof with a brushed aluminum roof wrapover molding. Special moldings, accent stripes and a hood ornament add still more distinctiveness.

Inside, the LTD Crown Victoria has a flight bench seat with fold-down armrest, thick 18-ounce carpeting, deluxe door trim with carpeted lower panels, more expansive woodtone appliques, additional sound insulation, electric clock, a gentle seat belt reminder chime and more.

On the other side of the coin, if you are a price-conscious buyer, you will want to consider the new LTD S series — available in four-door and wagon models.

It is easy to understand why Ford is known as the Wagonmaster when you see the LTD S, LTD and Country Squire wagons. Talk about space! Every LTD cargo area is wide enough

to stack 4x8-foot sheets of plywood flat on the cargo floor. Each wagon can comfortably accommodate six passengers — or eight with optional dual facing rear seats. Each wagon offers 89.7 cubic feet of cargo space with the rear seats folded down.

The LTD Country Squire Wagon is easily distinguished from the other wagons because of its woodtone vinyl paneling. It also includes 18-ounce cut-pile carpeting, Crown Victoria-level door trim, color-keyed deluxe belts with comfort regulators and reminder chime, and the 3-Way Magic Doorgate.

As for options, Ford offers a superb selection of radios and audio equipment. For details, pick up the booklet, *1980 Sound Systems and Electronic Options*, from your local Ford dealer.

New-for-1980 options include autolamp on/off/delay system (automatically turns headlights on or off when traveling at dusk or in early morning), leather trim, cast aluminum wheels, Traction-Lok axle and automatic parking brake release.

What all this indicates is that Ford engineers and designers have performed another remarkable advance with LTD for 1980. Why not see for yourself with a test drive today? □

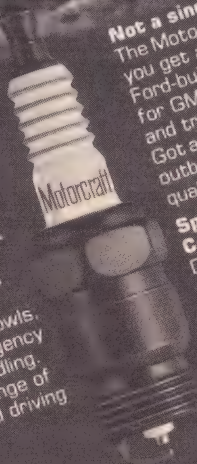
Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

ONE MILLION MILES TOUGH!



Motorcraft Spark Plugs can take it. We proved their quality the hard way, in 63 Ford, GM and Chrysler big city cop cars. Week after grueling week, for a total of one million miles, Motorcraft Spark Plugs stood up to everything the cops could dish out.

From back alley prowls, to high-speed emergency runs, to stake-out idling. Through a wide range of temperatures and driving conditions.



Not a single Motorcraft Spark Plug failed. The Motorcraft test plugs are the same brand you get as original equipment in every new Ford-built, car and light truck. Also available for GM, Chrysler, AMC and top import cars and trucks. Got a chain saw, snowmobile, power mower or outboard motor? Motorcraft makes quality plugs for it, too.

Specify the spark plugs tested Cop Car Tough.

Don't wonder which brand of replacement plugs they're putting in your engine. Tell them you want Motorcraft. The quality spark plugs from Ford.

Motorcraft



**DON'T ASK FOR TROUBLE.
ASK FOR MOTORCRAFT.**

The Methodist Meetinghouse That Went to Sea

by Val Louder



illustrations by Robert Boston

WINTER SNOW already covered the ground in Norwich, Connecticut, when it began to rain March 5, 1823.

It rained. And it rained. And it rained.

On March 6, bridges across the rivers from Rhode Island to Connecti-

cut began to go. The six bridges that spanned the Yantic River went — one in Franklin, two in Bozrah (one at Colonel Fitch's iron-works), and three in Norwich.

"The Spring Freshet of 1823," as described in *Historic Storms of New England*, was a "dangerous freshet,"

a freshet being, in Webster's words, "a great rise or overflowing of a stream caused by rains or melted snow."

The oil mill at Bean Hill was swept away, and the oil mill and machine shop near the falls at Norwich were severely damaged.

A considerable amount of flaxseed was swept from the oil mill — so much that, come May, several meadows adjoining the river below the mill could be seen liberally covered with growing flax.

"The losses in bridges, buildings, mills, fences, etc. as far as we have heard," reported the *Norwich Courier*, "have been uncommonly great. The toll bridge across the Shetucket in this city (was) . . . carried on the rough bosom of the raging and crowded element, already swollen more than twenty feet, in its usual position, and extending from either shore, until it had floated in one unbroken mass to near the rapids at the mouth of the Shetucket, when it separated in three parts, and each passed down the current on to the bosom of the Thames, with great rapidity, and affording a scene awfully grand to a great number of our citizens."

The Spring Freshet of 1823, however, is remembered not for the travails (and travail) of the toll bridge but for the adventures of the Methodist meetinghouse that passed that way.

It must be understood there are only some points on which there is agreement.

One is that the church, "erected

but a few years since by the contributions of the hard-earned mite of the individuals who compose this congregation," was located, before the freshet, at the side of the wharf bridge.

It was moved from its foundation by the force of the ice.

The church, by all accounts, had been decorated with evergreens for some festive occasion shortly before the freshet, and these decorations had not been removed when the meetinghouse was swept from its foundation and, as the *History of Norwich* put it, "sailed so gallantly away."

One story said that it then floated down the Thames River whole, for about one mile, when it went to pieces and was destroyed. But other stories dispute this.

Either way, the unexpected sailing of the Methodist meetinghouse gave rise to many stories, some newspapers alleging that "it bore off both pastor and flock, and that they were heard singing as they passed New London."

The church stayed upright

What is fact is that the meetinghouse, which "moved along like a majestic ship, bowing to the waves, then righting itself again," retained its upright position, and the frame held together until it had passed out into the Sound.

Before reaching the Sound, in the harbor at New London it passed so close to the schooner *Fame* — bound from Charleston to Bridgeport — that the meetinghouse almost collided



with the ship as it lay at anchor. In fact, the ship's crew later reported that the meetinghouse "gallantly sailed by them in the night, being brilliantly lighted."

All of this inspired *The Captain*, a poem by John Gardiner Calkins. Here is part of it:

... I have sailed
In the thick night, along the
wave-washed edge
Of ice, in acres, by the
pitiless coast
Of Labrador; and I have
scraped my keel
O'er coral rocks in
Madagascar seas . . .
But never yet, upon the
stormy wave,
Or where the river mixes with
the main,
Or in the chafing anchorage
of the bay;
In all my rough experience of
harm,
Met I — a Methodist
meetinghouse!
Cat-head, or beam, or davit
has it none,
Starboard nor larboard,
gunwale, stem nor stern!
It comes in such a
"questionable shape,"
I cannot even speak it! Up
jib, Josey,
And make for
Bridgeport! . . .
. . . Yankee legends long
shall tell the tale,
That once a Charleston
schooner was beset,

*Riding at anchor, by a
meetinghouse!*

Ship and church meet

A Bridgeport newspaper of March 1823 reported:

"Arrived, schooner *Fame*, from Charleston, via New London. While at anchor in that harbour, during the rain storm on Thursday evening last, the *Fame* was run afoul of by the wreck of the Methodist meetinghouse from Norwich, which was carried away in the late freshet."

That is fact.

What is not confirmed is that, after passing the schooner *Fame* in the harbor at New London, the church landed on one of the islands — and gave notice that services would be held there in the future. □



Armadillo

A New Symbol for Texans?

This armored mammal is being glorified
in pictures, caricatures and even festivals
throughout the Lone Star State

by G. R. Williamson

illustrations by Kingsley Calkins

IN TEXAS they are affectionally known as "diggers." During the lean years of the Depression they were called "Hoover hogs" and consumed with collard greens and cornbread. Scientists have named them *Dasypus novemcinctus*, meaning "nine-girdled, hairy-footed one." The Spanish conquistadors first encountered the "little armored thing" in their explorations of the New World and coined their common name — armadillos.

Regardless of the name, this slow-but-sure-footed animal is one of nature's unique creations. Looking very much like a walking Army helmet, the armadillo is a throwback to the days when dinosaurs roamed the planet. Virtually unchanged from its ancestors, the armadillo is one of the few armored mammals in existence. (The scaly pangolins of southern Asia and Africa have "armor," although it consists of heavy overlapping scales.)

The armadillo's tough, protective shell gives it an almost turtle-like appearance. Covering the entire length

of the body, usually about a foot long, the slate-grey armor plate is composed of tiny checker-shaped bones fused solidly together. This shell extends almost to the ground on each side and is virtually fang- and claw-proof; as a result, the armadillo has few natural enemies.

A long tapered tail protrudes from one end of the carapace while a small snouted head pokes out the front. Two trumpet-shaped ears stick out from the top of the stubby head.

But alas, the poor creature's hearing is questionable. Outside my cabin on the Nueces River in south Texas, I watched a lumbering old armadillo waddle by me while I was talking with friends. Undaunted by our conversation and movement, the creature leisurely strolled past us and helped himself to an afternoon sip of stump water from a nearby log. When he had his fill, he politely wiped his chin with his long slender tongue and then slowly wandered off to the riverbed, apparently unaware of his audience.

It is difficult to tell whether he was truly hard of hearing or just unable to hear over his own racket while rummaging through the underbrush.

Weighing about 15 pounds when mature, most armadillos begin life as a member of a tiny pink litter of four, and all four soft-shelled infants are always of the same sex. Some South American species have eight identical offspring. Regardless, new-born armadillos are exactly alike in every detail, from the size of their ears to the length of their tails. Scientists are fascinated by this phenomenon and have used the armadillo as a genetic model.

Perhaps this ability to give birth to identical offspring has enabled this animal to endure and survive while others have become extinct.

Researchers maintain colony

Researchers are also interested in another unique characteristic of the armadillo: It is the only known animal, other than man, that can contract leprosy. This makes the little creature ideal for leprosy research.

Medical investigators searching for a vaccine for leprosy maintain a large armadillo colony at the Lep-



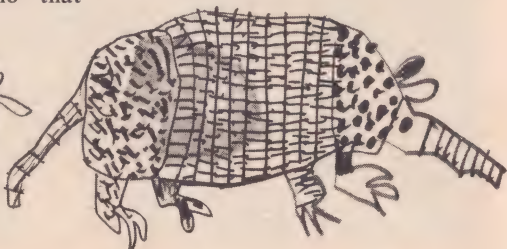
rosy Research Center in New Iberia, Louisiana.

The little fellow that inhabits the woods and river bottoms of Texas is the nine-banded armadillo. He gets his name from the narrow bands across his back that break the rigidity of the armor, thus enabling movement of the back.

Texas pride being what it is, it would be tempting to brag that the Texas armadillos are the biggest or have the most bands. The truth is that all armadillos in North America are of the nine-banded type and at maturity are about the size of a house cat. They can be found throughout most of the Southern states and as far north as Kansas.

Number of bands varies

In addition to the nine-banded armadillo family, there are eight other species of armadillos, most of which reside in Brazil, Bolivia and Argentina. These include the three-banded, the six-banded, and the 11-banded groups. The South American cousins hold all the records for size, ranging from the tiny five-inch "fairy armadillo" to the 100-pound whopper known as the "great armadillo" that measures five feet long.



Folk tales of Central America abound with armadillo lore. For example, a Mayan Indian legend suggests that the blackheaded vulture does not die of old age. Instead, through metamorphosis, the aged bird sheds its wings and becomes an armadillo.

Here in Texas, it is a common belief that armadillos cross rivers and streams by walking along the bottom. Though they may be capable of this "submarining," the ones I have observed swim on the surface. Granted they bob up and down like a partially inflated soccer ball, nevertheless they swim with snout held high.

Another misconception about armadillos is that they attack people. One evening while I was plying a wary catfish with a tempting worm, I heard a shattering scream and a frightened little girl rushed up to me.

Between sobs, she blurted, "It jumped up and ran at me. It was trying to bite me."

Chuckling at the thought of this incredible feat, I dried her tears and explained that she had startled the animal. Its first response, I told her, was to leap up into the air and then scurry



as fast as it could to its burrow. She apparently had been between the armadillo and its sanctuary. I went on to explain that the armadillo's small mouth does not have biting teeth and could not have harmed her.

Armadillos have also been tagged as grave robbers.

As a wide-eyed youth, I listened to tales that depicted the primarily nocturnal creature as a diabolical body snatcher, gobbling down the remains of buried corpses. Nothing could be further from the truth. Armadillos around a fresh grave site are there for one purpose: to nose through the loose dirt in quest of grubs and worms, their favorite foods.

Devours undesirable insects

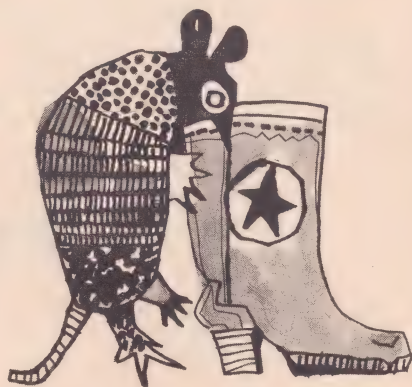
Along with gulping down large quantities of grubs, our little armored amigo devours cockroaches, ants, termites and a host of other undesirable insects.

This constant search for food is beneficial to man; researchers have found that armadillos dine almost exclusively on larva, worms and mature

insects that are sometimes destructive to crops and pastures.

In the past, because little was known about the beneficial feeding habits of the armadillo, it was destroyed as a pest. Thousands were slaughtered by professional hunters for their shells and made into handbags or stuffed curios.

Fortunately for the armadillo, times have changed. No longer misunderstood and unloved, the armadillo has caught the fancy of Texans. The state recently passed a law making it illegal to capture armadillos for commercial purposes. It has become the symbol of the easy, casual lifestyle prevalent in Texas. "Digger" pictures and caricatures are fast becoming ubiquitous; several cities hold annual festivals honoring armadillos. Before long the crusty little armadillo may even replace the longhorn steer as the animal most representative of the Lone Star State. □



Ford Cars, Trucks Feature New Anti-Corrosion Warranty

by Ronald Warren

EVERY 1980 Ford car and light truck has something special going for it: a new three-year, unlimited-mileage corrosion perforation warranty.






Said William O. Bourke, executive vice president — Ford North American Automotive Operations: "Car and light-truck buyers, particularly those in certain parts of the United States, are concerned about vehicle corrosion caused by increasing use of rock salt, calcium chloride and other corrosive chemicals to keep streets and highways free of ice and snow.

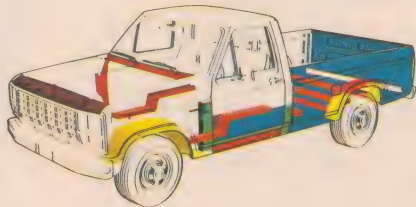
"Our warranty will give customers real protection in this area. We believe it to be a simple warranty, easy to understand and administer."

Under the warranty, any part which in normal use develops perforation from corrosion within three years of retail delivery or first use, will be

repaired or replaced free of charge after inspection by a Ford Motor Company representative. Exhaust-system components or parts that develop corrosion perforation caused by accidents or other damage are not covered. The warranty is automatically transferred to subsequent owners within the three-year period.

Continuing anti-corrosion processes and product actions in Ford assembly plants make this warranty possible. Included in these processes are sophisticated combinations of pre-coated steel, phosphate sprays, cathodic electrocoating in most plants and applications of vinyl sealers and aluminized wax. The product actions involve design changes such as improved body drainage, better access to body panels, and improved splash protection in wheel wells. □

-  Polymer fender liners
-  Galvanized
-  Zinc-coated steel
-  Zinc-rich primer
-  Aluminized wax sealer



Built Ford Tough

(Not just another T-shirt!)



A T-shirt as tough as our truck. **Hanes® BEEFY-T™**. 100% cotton heavy-weight T-shirt with high crew collar. Available in Men's, Ladies' and Children's sizes. A high quality T-shirt — Built Ford Tough.

Enclose check or money order for \$4.00 for each T-shirt ordered and mail to:

FORD TOUGH SHIRT
P.O. BOX 225
BIRMINGHAM, MI 48012

MEN'S

_____ S
_____ M
_____ L
_____ XL

LADIES'

_____ S
_____ M
_____ L

CHILDREN'S

_____ S
_____ M
_____ L

SEND TO: Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow 30 days for delivery.



Preserving a Relic of America's Past

A spirited group of townspeople is keeping Waterford,
Virginia, much the way it was 200 years ago

by Mary Augusta Rodgers

illustrations by Max Altekruze

WATERFORD, in Loudoun County, Virginia, is still something of a secret. It's too small to show on most maps, and there's only one highway sign on State Highway 9, past Leesburg, to indicate Route 662 and the way to Waterford. *Shhhhh!* the sign seems to whisper.

Trees turn the road into a tunnel just before Waterford comes into view — a tiny village dating back to 1733, still existing in its original setting of open farmland in the rolling foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. It's a cluster of old houses, somnolent streets, stone fences and barns, with horses out to pasture, Catoctin Creek glinting in the near distance, and a line of blue hills beyond. Very little has changed here. Rip Van Winkle would feel right at home.

But the winds of change are blowing, as the 250 residents of Waterford well know. The village looks rural and remote, but Washington, D.C., is only 45 miles away and urban sprawl moves slowly and steadily closer. Housing developments, shopping centers, fast food franchises, service stations, truck stops . . .

Is it possible to save a relic of the American past like Waterford? The Waterford Foundation, one of the earliest and most effective groups organized in the cause of historic preservation, has been surprisingly successful. So far.

A bit of background: Nomadic Indian tribes hunted in this region as long as 10,000 years ago. (Ancient arrowheads are still found around Wa-

terford.) In Colonial days, the 1722 Treaty of Albany secured the Loudoun frontier against the danger of Indian attack; 10 years later, Waterford was settled by Quakers from Pennsylvania, and two mills were built on the banks of Catoctin Creek. It was first called Milltown; Thomas Moore, a shoemaker, later persuaded his neighbors to change the name to honor his birthplace in Ireland.

The settlement grew and flourished. In 1835, it was a busy market town with shops, a small furniture factory, a tannery and four taverns. Then, bypassed by the turnpike and the railroad, it gradually declined. This was a fate common to many old towns, except that Waterford somehow survived intact. In the 1940s, it was discovered, in a small way, by people who liked antiques, old houses and a tranquil atmosphere. They moved into town and met lifelong residents with similar interests and concerns. In 1943, the Waterford Foundation was formed to save and maintain some endangered buildings. Now it's the town itself the Foundation is really fighting for. Preservation, as a Foundation member observed, is a battle that never ends.

Lawrence Oaks, the current Foundation president, estimates that a few of the houses predate the Revolutionary War; the majority are of the Federal period, and about one-third are Victorian or Colonial Revival. Most of the houses did not survive unchanged; over the years, there were additions and improvements which

may, or may not, have been just that. And the houses illustrate varying approaches to restoration as well. "Some people feel that a house should be restored to its original state. Others feel that a house is not only what it was, but what it has become."

The Quaker influence still shows in the simplicity of design in the older houses, an unusual number of schools, and a road named for John Brown, the abolitionist. (Waterford was anti-slavery in sentiment, and one of two Virginia towns opposed to secession from the Union.) Some of the buildings bear a family resemblance, being made of the local Waterford soft brick, or having the same kind of tin roof, or porches obviously built by the same carpenter, using the same design. Ice houses still dot the area — small above-ground structures covering deep insulated cellars where ice cut from the frozen creek in the winter lasted through the Southern summers.



The largest house in town, still known as "the miller's house," sits on a hill, and a stone lion with a quizzical expression guards the steps. A house named Catoctin Creek may be the oldest in the "New Town" part of Waterford, a few blocks from the original cluster of buildings near the mill. The house most often photographed by visitors is, oddly enough, the only import: made of three log cabins moved from Maryland and carefully reassembled about 10 years ago. Its name comes from one of the old cabins — Trouble Enough Indeed.

In a town of 250, everybody knows everybody else, including all the dogs and cats and a crazy rooster who crows at 3 p.m. "Go home, Smoocher," a gardener will say patiently to a meandering fox hound. Horses are as much in evidence as pickup trucks; there's a pony club for children, who go caroling on horseback during Christmas week, and fox hunting for local members of the Loudoun Hunt. Interest in growing grapes and making wine is increasing; the result is said to be a "light red wine, slightly sweet, as Virginia grapes tend to be." The Waterford Players are an active and ambitious theatrical group who put on four or five productions a year. There's a volunteer fire department in nearby Hamilton. No mail delivery; people go to the post office.

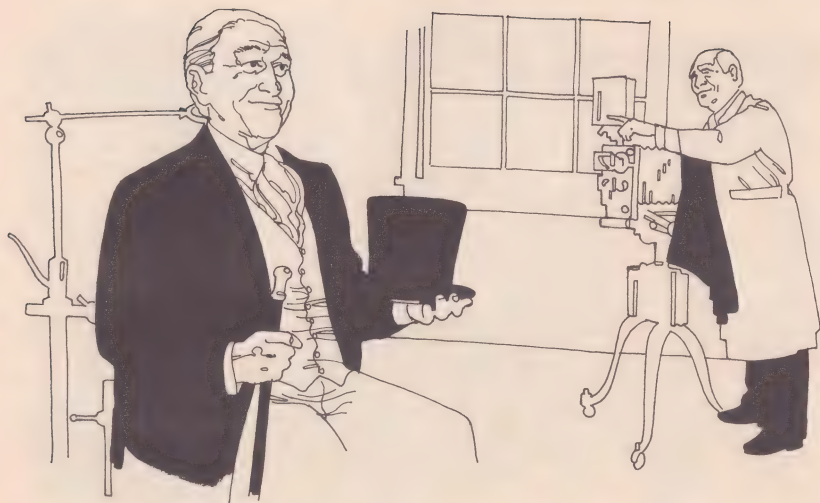
The whole town gets together to celebrate the Fourth of July. Festivities start with a children's parade, followed by a patriotic oration at noon on the village green, a band concert



and a series of competitions — egg tosses, watermelon eating contests, three-legged races and so on. Then people choose up sides and play Capture the Flag. (Captives are taken to jail and served refreshments; adults get beer.) A Southern supper, something like barbecued ribs, potato salad, tomatoes and cole slaw, is served at the old John Wesley Methodist Church on Main Street. Finally, the crowd retires to the hill on the east side of Catoclin Creek and waits for twilight and a grand display of elabo-

rate fireworks, locally made.

The Waterford Foundation owns nine buildings around town, and some key plots of land. The buildings (unsuitable for private use, for one reason or another) include the mill, a forge, several barns, two schools and an old Methodist church. These are used in various ways to serve the community. In an effort to preserve traditional crafts, the Foundation sponsors classes in weaving, pottery and quilt making and would like to find a teaching blacksmith to use the forge. The



latest acquisition is the Second Street School, built by the black community in 1866 and first used as a church, and an Art and Antiques auction was planned to help pay for it. "I'm head of the begging committee," Mrs. Hazel Hayes, a Waterford resident, explained cheerfully.

The Foundation's most important fund-raising effort is the Homes Tour and Crafts Exhibit held annually the first full weekend in October. This is widely known as "the Waterford Fair" and draws about 20,000. "We all work ourselves to death but it's a lot of fun," Lawrence Oaks says. "The fair is like a juried art show; all the exhibitors have to appear before an evaluation committee first, and there's another evaluation after it's all over. The aim is to set high standards and keep the junk out."

In addition to the eight or 10 private houses open to the public, and special exhibits in the Foundation buildings, there are craft demonstrations by the dozen — everything from Colonial techniques of wall-stenciling to pewter casting and making muzzle-loading guns. Clog dancers perform, and a fife and drum corps, playing songs of the American Revolution, alternates with the sweet sounds of a dulcimer band. Visitors may buy an original painting or an antique quilt, have a full country dinner in the middle of the day, learn how to dry herbs, have their tintype taken, pick up a corn-shuck doll and a homemade cake and leave late, wondering where the time has gone.

Waterford is officially designated as a county, state and national Historic Landmark, which means that

anyone wanting to build a new structure, or tear down an old one, first must get the approval of the county architectural review board. But that's only the beginning. The crucial issue is the open land surrounding Waterford. To help preserve this, the Foundation buys what it can, and encourages land owners to grant easements that will protect their property against future development and "inappropriate change." (An easement is simply a statement to this effect, written into the land deed and given to a specific organization, like the Virginia Historic Landmarks Commission, or the National Trust for Historic Preservation, which assumes responsibility for enforcement.) The landowners are not giving up ownership, just development rights. The landowners don't have to be entirely altruistic, either; the drop in the assessed value of the land can then be considered a gift, and taken as a tax deduction over a period of years.

But land values — and taxes — have soared in the last 10 years, causing the usual problems and pressures. Not everyone in Waterford is sympathetic to the aims of the Foundation. Some want to sell their property as they see fit, and dislike what they see as "outside interference." A few disagree philosophically and accuse the preservationists of having "a dollhouse mentality. A lot of them are high-pressure Washington types who like to live here and pretend they're pioneers on weekends." However, some of the most determined preser-

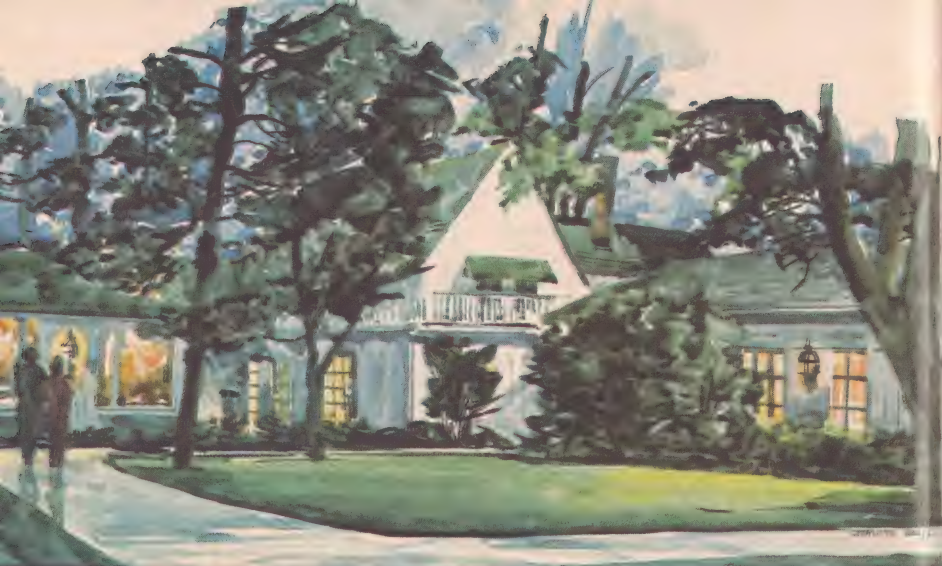
vationists come from families who have lived in the village for several generations.

So the argument, and the battle, goes on.

In the mist of early spring, with the air smelling of wood smoke and damp earth and the streets silent except for the far-off baying of a hunting dog, Waterford is a magical sight. But it's not the kind of scenic view that shows up well on a postcard. This is an old mill village, one of the few we have left, irreplaceable and easily ruined.

Historic preservation is much easier in Europe, where ancient castles, spectacular scenery, and great names like Joan of Arc and Cosimo de Medici are involved. In a statement to *The New York Times*, the Rev. W. Brown Morton III, an expert on restoration who has lived in Waterford for 10 years, talked about the problems facing the Foundation, and the special quality of Waterford . . . "a very simple juxtaposition of log and frame houses and gently rolling hills and fields. It's very fragile. And we don't want it to change." □





Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



BODER'S ON THE RIVER MEQUON, WISCONSIN

Four generations of the family are active in the operation of this popular restaurant that is celebrating its 50th anniversary this year. The four dining rooms are housed in a remodeled 1841 farmhouse 15 miles north of Milwaukee. To mark the anniversary, family members have compiled an attractive pictorial history and cookbook. At 11919 North River Road off Interstate 43 or State Highway 57, Boder's is open for lunch and dinner by reservations every day except Monday and two weeks at Christmas time. Sunday brunch is featured.

Boder's Original Corn Fritters

- 2 cups flour, sifted
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 6 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 tablespoon corn oil
- 1½ teaspoons vinegar

- 1 cup milk
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 cup whole kernel corn, drained
- Fresh vegetable shortening for frying

Sift dry ingredients together. Add oil, vinegar, milk, egg yolks and corn. Mix well. Mixture should be moist, not dry. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Fill deep skillet with fresh shortening. Melt to 350°. Drop large spoonfuls of batter into shortening. Deep fry until golden brown. Place browned fritters in muffin tins. Bake at 325° 10 minutes. Sprinkle with sugar and serve with maple syrup.

Blueberry Muffins

Place paper muffin cups in ungreased muffin tins. Sift together 2 cups sifted flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ¾ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup drained frozen or canned blueberries. Mix until well coated. In small bowl beat 2 eggs. Add ½ cup melted butter and 1 cup milk. Quickly stir into dry mix. Do not over mix. Fill muffin cups ¾ full. Sprinkle lightly with mixture of ½ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon cinnamon. Bake at 400° for 20 minutes until brown. Makes 12 to 14. Canned or frozen cherries may be substituted for blueberries.

LA BOURGOGNE NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Conveniently located in the heart of Manhattan, this elegant upper East-side restaurant prides itself on excellent French cuisine and fine wine. Open for lunch and dinner through the week by reservations. It is closed Sundays and August through Labor Day. The owners are Jean Claude Calvez and Marcel Le Guellec. It is at 157 East 72nd Street.

Cheese Soufflé La Bourgogne

- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk
- ½ teaspoon salt

- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ⅓ teaspoon nutmeg
- Several drops Tabasco sauce
- ¼ pound Swiss cheese, grated
- 3 egg yolks
- 4 egg whites

Melt butter or margarine in saucepan. Stir in flour, cook over low heat a few minutes, then blend in milk, stirring until smooth. Add salt, pepper, nutmeg and Tabasco and cook, stirring, until sauce thickens. Add grated cheese and stir until melted. Whisk egg yolks until light, then slowly blend in cooked mixture. Beat egg whites until they hold soft peaks. Fold cheese mixture carefully into egg whites until well mixed. (Some of the volume will be lost.) Transfer to one-quart soufflé dish and bake in preheated 350° oven for 30 minutes or until high and well-browned. Serve immediately. Makes 4 portions.



SCANDIA RESTAURANT COLORADO CITY, COLORADO

Scandinavian foods are specialties of the house in this picturesque restaurant operated by Margaret and Soren Kollerup and their five children. Open for family-style dinners every evening except Mondays and Christmas Day. It is in Greenhorn Valley, 27 miles south of Pueblo. Take exit 27 off Interstate 25. Go 1½ miles on State Highway 165 to sign.

Danish Kringle

- ¼ cup warm water
- 1 package yeast
- ½ cup soft butter or margarine
- 1 tablespoon sugar

- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup milk
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 cups flour
- 8-ounce can almond filling
- Confectioners' sugar icing flavored with almond

Dissolve yeast in water. Add butter or margarine, sugar, salt, milk and egg and mix well. Add flour and mix and form a ball. Cover and chill 1 hour. Divide dough in half and roll one piece on floured board to 12 x 20-inch rectangle. Spread with half the almond filling. Fold into thirds, lengthwise to make about 4 x 20-inch rectangle and place on cookie sheet. Repeat with remaining dough. Cover and let rise until doubled, about 1 hour. Bake at 350° about 30 minutes until golden brown. Spread with icing when cooled and top with sliced almonds.

ROBERT MORRIS INN OXFORD, MARYLAND

Built as a residence in 1710 for Robert Morris, an English shipping tycoon, this rambling frame landmark now houses an excellent restaurant and 27 guest rooms. Major specialties are traditional Eastern Shore seafoods, primarily oyster and crab dishes prepared under the direction of the innkeepers, Wendy and Ken Gibson. It is open every day for breakfast, lunch, dinner and lodging except Christmas Day. It is situated at the edge of Tred Avon River 10 miles southwest of Easton. The nearest main highway is U.S. 50.

Scalloped Oysters

Mix ½ cup dry bread crumbs, ½ cup coarse

cracker crumbs and 5 tablespoons melted butter. Place half in buttered 4-cup casserole. Arrange 1 pint oysters in a layer sprinkling with mix of ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. Pour a 10½-ounce can of mushroom soup over all and top with remaining crumbs. Bake at 350° about 1 hour. Serves four.

Seafood Dip

Cook 1 pound assorted seafoods (shrimp, crab, scallops, etc.) in seasoned water until tender. Drain, cool and chop fine. Mix with 2 tablespoons minced onion, ¼ teaspoon Dijon mustard, ½ tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, ⅛ teaspoon seafood seasoning, ⅛ teaspoon white pepper, ⅛ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder, ½ cup mayonnaise, 1½ cups sour cream and 2 tablespoons chopped chives. Chill and serve with crackers or chips. Serves 8 to 10.

For Antiques— Wear Blue Jeans, Head Toward Atlanta

Whether confirmed collector
or casual browser, the
antiquer finds a special
appeal in dusty Georgia
villages

by Jo Ann S. Hoffman

photos by Robert Bragg

IF YOUR VISION of antique shopping in the South is confined to antebellum mansions and plantation silver, you may be in for a surprise. To be sure, there's a sprinkling of "old home" shops with pillared facades and 18-foot ceilings, but there's equal charm and more fun in "doing" the variety of shops that tend to cluster in old-time villages.

Four of these miniature antique rows ring Atlanta in a north-by-north-west semicircle, and are easily accessible from I-285, which branches conveniently off I-75. One full day should be time enough to visit the entire circuit, subject, of course, to your browsing habits and decision-making powers. Most addictive antiquers find it difficult to bypass even the tiniest shops and the least promising signs. Of such are true finds often born.

Chamblee Village, the easternmost concentration of shops, is also the largest. It has apparently been a bonanza for dealers as well as retail buyers, since its growth in numbers and quality over the past two years is impressive. Shop owners here seem to think that consolidation makes sense, and several dealers have combined under one roof to offer mall-type shopping. (We noted the same trend in Alabama and Tennessee.) In just four of Chamblee's buildings, for example, you'll visit close to 25 separate businesses. It's an easy walk from the railroad tracks at one end of Chamblee to the old church at the other, with shops on both sides of the village's single thoroughfare. But after



This Chamblee Village shop specializes in old corporate signs

you're parked, comfortable and eager to rummage, what will you find?

The most accurate description of the offerings of merchandise in all our antique niches is "general line antiques and collectibles": wicker in abundance, Victoriana, turn-of-the-century oak, old commercial fittings, architectural antiques, stained glass, lots of pine pieces, many primitives, quality chandeliers, an unusually good selection of picture frames, occasional fine period furniture and, though rarely, a display of true, documented Southern antiques.

This assessment may come as a disappointment to many. Surely the South has its own tradition of excellence in cabinet-making and silver and even in primitives. What has happened to authentic antiques of Southern origin?

The answer is history — literally, one shop owner told me. Huge amounts of Georgia's fine furniture and other examples of Southern decorative arts were burned during Sherman's fiery march through Atlanta or during innumerable skirmishes of the War Between the States. What remained became instant heirlooms, treasured by those who went to great lengths to keep the salvage within their own families. Indigenous silver is especially rare and precious, since a vast quantity was looted from the South and either hammered flat or melted down and sold for its value as pure metal.

And the attitude of the North didn't help preserve distinctive arts of the South. Indeed, as recently as 30 years ago American antiquarians often expressed the belief that little of

artistic merit was made south of Baltimore! Is it any wonder that Southern antique dealers regularly trek to New England and New York estate sales to stock their stores and shelves?

Enough of history and vindication. The antiques may not be purely Southern, but respect for the tradition and quality of age is definitely so. The abundance of knowledgeable dealers we encountered gives evidence.

The second leg of the village circuit runs a bit north off the interstate to historic Roswell. But don't be in a hurry . . . you first will pass through the congested suburb of Sandy Springs, an unlikely setting for what turns out to be one of the most com-

plete and lovely collections of stained and beveled glass we have ever seen.

Red Baron's specializes in architectural antiques, and though their fittings and fretwork aren't guaranteed salvage from Southern homes, they are an appropriate reminder that architecture is one aspect of Southern art not generally ignored. Outstanding in their collection are three windows by Tiffany studios. Package price: \$3,500.

A companion shop — and worth a walk across the street — is the Sandy Springs Galleries, with a surprising collection of fine old and antique chandeliers. Wonderful stuff if you're restoring a home.

Sandy Springs is the place for architectural antiques





Crabapple Corners is small but big enough for four shops

Farther north on U.S. 19, sleepy little Roswell is dominated by an antebellum mansion, now in restoration along with other buildings on the town square.

Three shops are under the eye of the hilltop house, with half a dozen more about a mile up the road. Keep alert for several shops in unassuming frame houses. Hours of operation in the scattered shops can be annoyingly erratic, unlike shop clusters, which tend to cooperate on opening and closing — a help to the traveling shopper.

If you're game for another five miles north on Highway 19, a pleasant rural drive, you can "do" Crabapple Corners. This tiny community is no more than an intersection (post office, Alpharetta, Georgia) with a crossroads collection of four shops. Be

careful of "gift shop" quality in some of these. But "the raven's nest," standing slightly apart from the others — in more than distance — is a high-quality collection of true antiques and fine oil paintings. Allow about three hours for the whole Roswell Road extension.

Then drop back to I-285 and turn west to Smyrna and Vinings, one village on either side of the interstate. Though sister towns in proximity, and both antiquers' delights, they are decidedly different in flavor.

Vinings Village is a study in quaint. Antique and curio dealers were consciously sought, and the town is consciously historic, from its fashionable restaurant in a restored home (once appropriately called a tea house) right down to its forthright



Smyrna has at least two shops that document their Southern antiques

commercial: a brochure detailing the history of Vinings, its buildings, founders and restoration efforts. Despite its promotional aspect, the village remains remote, quiet and tasteful. Eight to 10 shops amid ancient hills and oaks make setting the real lure of Vinings Village.

From silent, conservative Vinings, you'll head for the bustle of the Old Atlanta Road, leading to the dusty storefronts of Smyrna, a nondescript town pocketed beside an active railroad line. Nearly all the commercial spaces on one side of a narrow two-block strip are antique shops — good quality general line antiques with

some specialties, like antique reproduction hand-painting to order on plates or lamp globes. But it's the shops around the corner on residential Sunset Street that make the news. At Dixie Galleries and Concord Antiques, we found our only documented Southern pieces.

There are a few typically Southern antiques, but they're difficult to authenticate. One that we found was a fine example of a Tennessee Jackson Press, popular from about 1820 to 1860, as a dining piece. It is believed that Andrew Jackson originally requested the particular design which is slightly higher than a sideboard

with a glass-front cupboard atop. Often made of cherry wood, the rather austere, functional piece usually had only a column-type leg for decoration.

Dining pieces might be the answer for antiquers who seek a Southern tradition. Little is more legendary about the old South than hospitality and gracious living. So it's not surprising that certain dining room pieces would have Southern origins. Two serving pieces with a distinctively Southern flavor are the huntboard, the long, high buffet generally kept in a plantation back hall supposedly to serve the men who often returned from the hunt with muddy boots; and the cellaret, a small wine and liquor cabinet on legs. The sugar chest, too, is often considered typically Southern, and is a rare find today. The small wooden chests were sometimes displayed in plantation parlors because sugar was a treasured commodity in the early 1800s, and its possession a sign of wealth. We weren't lucky enough to

find a sugar chest in our wanderings, even at the dealers who try to maintain a largely Southern-origin stock.

Smyrna's main street is the Old Atlanta Road, and for a mile or two south of town, antique shops are nestled intermittently along this busy, curving, tree-lined drive. Watch for discreet signs. Don't miss Potpourri, a warehouse-type store set far back from the road, with the largest collection of wicker in the area — and the most unusual. A wicker potty chair?

Atlanta Road will reconnect you with the interstate to resume trips north or south. Our village tour is certainly not a day in elegant little enclaves with chic shops and high-class restaurants. It's a day to forget your spiffy tie or fashion boots, and wander, comfortably disheveled, if you please, through the back roads and tiny towns that try to preserve the past under the progressive eye of the modern city they surround. □

Who Sends You Ford Times?

The name of the dealer who makes your *Ford Times* possible is featured on the back cover of every issue.

Sending you *Ford Times* each month is your dealer's way of contributing to your reading and travel pleasure. If you enjoy the magazine, we hope you will let your dealer know.

Of course the best way to show your appreciation is to call upon your Ford dealer when you are in the market for a new car or require service for your present car.



Four-legged Ford

Enclosed is a photo of Jumbo, a Ford-powered elephant that I bought in 1978. He was built about 30 years ago by an English company, Mechanimals, for use as a carnival ride. He's eight feet tall, 12 feet long and weighs about 1,600 pounds. He can carry 10 people plus the driver. His power comes from a 1939 English Ford engine. Jumbo can attain a top speed of about 28 miles per hour, but his normal speed is about six miles per hour. He makes us a three-Ford family,



since my wife drives a 1977 Thunderbird and I drive a 1978 SuperCab.

Larry Gavette
Waterford, Michigan



Love Ducks

I often read and enjoy your little magazine. Our local Ford dealer (Cumberland Motor Sales, Inc.) delivers copies to the State College Library where I work.

Often people write in and send pictures of odd road signs. I believe I have one that is unusual. The "Caution Amorous Duck Area" sign can be seen in Marysville, California. It is alongside State Highway 20 going west, and east of the State Highway 99 cutoff. The ducks reside in a man-made lake that is part of the city recreation area.

Phyllis L. Wells
Plattsburgh, New York

RALLYE AROUND



THE 1980 PINTO

40 STANDARD FEATURES

The 1980 Pinto is packed with standard features. Features like steel-belted radials, bucket seats, tinted glass, and rack and pinion steering. On the Pinto Rallye you also get a Sports Package which includes tachometer, ammeter, and front and rear spoilers.

EXCELLENT MILEAGE

24

'80 EPA
EST.
MPG

38

'80 HWY.
EST.
MPG

Compare this estimated mpg to other cars. Your mpg may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be lower than estimate. California and wagon ratings are lower.

Come in soon and compare Pinto. It may be the best small car value in America today.



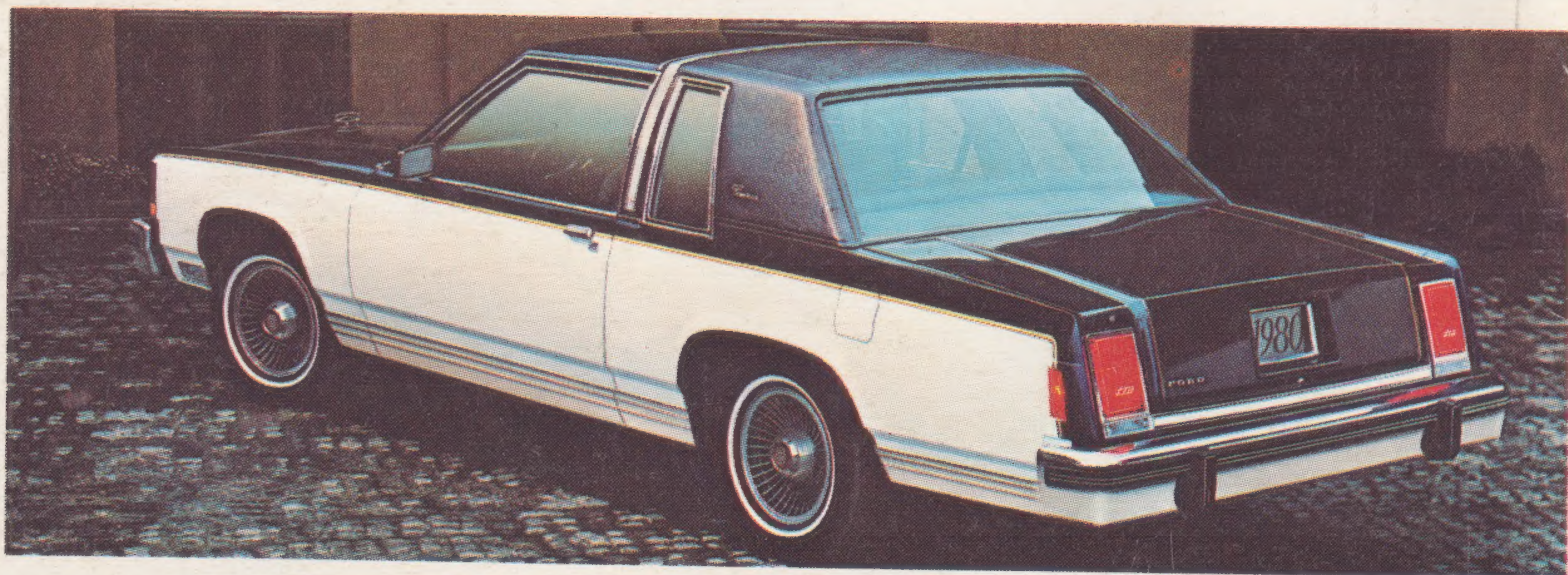
Better Ideas for
the 80's **FORD**

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Milwaukee, Wisc.
PERMIT NO. 1000

**FORD TIMES
IS SENT TO YOU BY**

MORGAN FORD
ROUTE 70 - P O BOX 416
MEDFORD
N J 08055

DELIVER TO



Ford LTD Rides as Quietly as a Rolls-Royce